DARK HORSE 20 YEARS
$2.99 U.S.
#16
THE GOON™
by Eric Powell
BONUS SHORT STORY BY POWERS ARTIST
MICHAEL AVON OEMING AND THOMAS SNIEGOSKI!

The nameless man, the zombie priest, had come to town to build a gang from the undead. But even the undead fear…

THE GOON™

by Eric Powell

Spike

written by **Thomas Sniegoski**

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edited by **Matt Dryer** designed by **Amy Arendts** published by **Mike Richardson**

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and **The Adopt-A-Zombie Foundation**

False Hope care of: **Scott Allie**

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I GIVE SACRIFICE OF MY MOST PRECIOUS FLESH!
I PLUCK THE EYE FROM ITS SOCKET AND CAST IT ASIDE! I DEMAND MY JUST REWARD FOR SUCH OVATION!
SOMETHING IS WRONG WITH MY BABY. SOMETHING IS WRONG WITH MICHAEL.
I DEMAND MY REWARD.

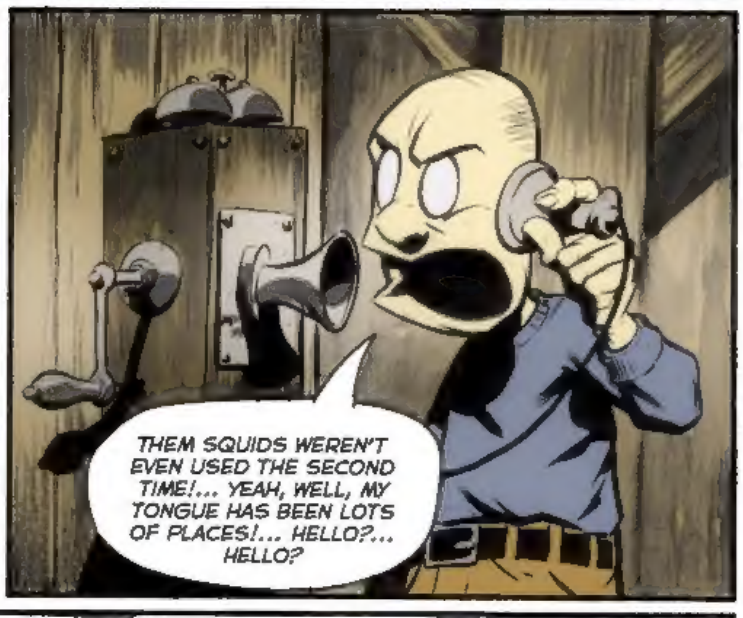
NOW THAT THE PRIEST HAS LOST CONTROL OF THE WEST-SIDE TERRITORIES, MANY FEEL IT IS ONLY RIGHT THAT YOU SHOULD ALLOW SOME OF US A PIECE OF YOUR SUBSTANTIAL BUSINESS.
YEAH, RIGHT! WE KEEP THE SLACK JAWS IN CHECK FOR YEARS JUST SO SOME JOHNNY-COME-LATELY CAN REAP THE REWARDS WHEN WE GOT 'EM ON THE ROPES?!
BLUNT AS HE MAY BE, FRANKY IS RIGHT. I AIN'T RUNNIN' A CHARITY.
WE ASK FOR NO CHARITY. ONLY TO WET OUR BEAKS A LITTLE. LET US RUN THE WEST-SIDE GAMBLING AND SHAKEDOWN RACKETS AND WE WILL PAY YOUR DUE TRIBUTE. BESIDES, YOUR OUTFIT IS NOT BIG ENOUGH TO TAKE CARE OF SO MANY TERRITORIES. WE ONLY OFFER TO HELP.

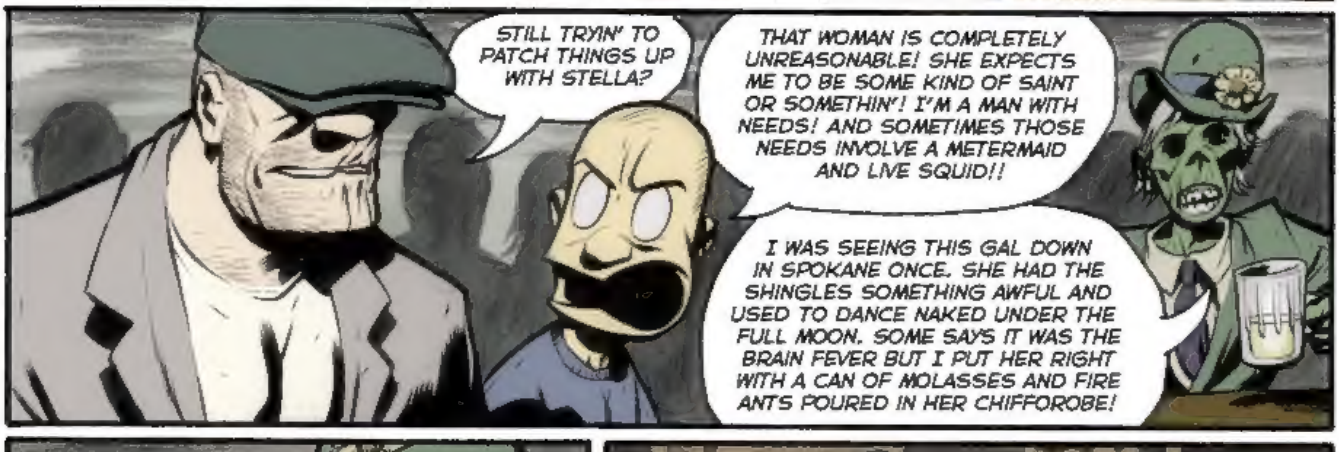
OFFER TO HELP... DOES HELP MEAN PLANNING TO GAIN MY CONFIDENCE, INSERT YOURSELF IN MY ORGANIZATION, AND THEN BUSHWHACK ME WITH CARRADO LETTIERI? YOU WANNA BE THE NEW DON, DO YA?!
WHAT IS THIS? WHO'S BEEN TELLING YOU THOSE LIES?!
YOU TALK TOO MUCH, ARDELL!
BLAM!
THESE TWO-BIT HOODS ARE GONNA COME OUT OF THE WOODWORK NOW THAT THEY SEE AN OPENING.
LETTIERI MIGHT BE GUNNING FOR US WHEN HE HEARS ABOUT ARDELL.
HE'S AS STUPID AS HIS DEAD FRIEND. I CAN HANDLE HIM.

WE'LL SCALP THESE TICKETS AND BE HIGH IN SARDINES AND CRACKERS FOR A WEEK!
NO THANK YOU! YOU LIFTED THEM TICKETS OUT OF DEAD WILLIAM MCPETTY'S PANTS POCKET! I'LL HAVE NOTHIN' TO DO WITH THEM! IT'S CALLED KARMA. I BEEN READIN' UP ON IT.
FINE! I'LL KEEP THE LOOT FOR MYSELF, THEN!
CANNERS TICKETS!! HEY, MISTER, WANNA BUY SOME CANNERS TICKETS? FIFTY-YARD LINE!
SURE THOSE EGG-SUCKING FISH CANNERS STINK, BUT THEY'RE PLAYING THE HACKENSACK GRIZZLIES! THE NATIONAL CHAMPS!
WHO WOULDN'T WANT TO SEE THOSE LOSERS GET CREAMED BY THE NATIONAL CHAMPS!
POW!
IDIOT! NEVER TAKE NOTHIN' OUT OF A DEAD MAN'S BRITCHES!

GET A MOVE ON, BOYS! I WANNA HIT THE ROAD BEFORE MORNIN'!
WHERE DO YOU THINK YOU'RE GOING?!
THE PRIEST HAS LOST HIS DAMN MIND! I'M LIGHTIN' OUTTA HERE, YA FOOL! IF YOU HAD HALF A LICK OF SENSE, YOU'D DO THE SAME!
YOU'RE NOT GOING ANYWHERE!
THE HELL I AIN'T! I BEEN PART OF HIS DEEDS FOR A LONG WHILE NOW. MANY A NIGHT I LAY AWAKE IN SHAME OF WHAT I DONE FER HIM! BUT THIS... IT AIN'T RIGHT, AND I'LL HAVE NONE OF IT!
HE AIN'T NEVER BEEN NATURAL, BUT YOU CAN FEEL THIS AIN'T RIGHT! YOU CAN FEEL IT IN YOUR SPINE. YOU KNOW BAD THINGS IS COMIN'!
LIGHT OUT, BOY! LIGHT OUT WHILE YOU CAN!

AW, BABY, YOU KNOW THAT METERMAID MEANT NOTHIN' TO ME!... THAT'S NOT FAIR!
PUB


THEM SQUIDS WEREN'T EVEN USED THE SECOND TIME!... YEAH, WELL, MY TONGUE HAS BEEN LOTS OF PLACES!... HELLO?... HELLO?


STILL TRYIN' TO PATCH THINGS UP WITH STELLA?
THAT WOMAN IS COMPLETELY UNREASONABLE! SHE EXPECTS ME TO BE SOME KIND OF SAINT OR SOMETHIN'! I'M A MAN WITH NEEDS! AND SOMETIMES THOSE NEEDS INVOLVE A METERMAID AND LIVE SQUID!!
I WAS SEEING THIS GAL DOWN IN SPOKANE ONCE. SHE HAD THE SHINGLES SOMETHING AWFUL AND USED TO DANCE NAKED UNDER THE FULL MOON. SOME SAYS IT WAS THE BRAIN FEVER BUT I PUT HER RIGHT WITH A CAN OF MOLASSES AND FIRE ANTS POURED IN HER CHIFFOROBE!

WHAT ARE YOU YAPPIN' ABOUT?!
THEM LOONEYS DON'T TAKE TO BLOOMERS FULL OF STICKY, STINGING ANTS!

WHERE YOU GOIN'?
BUZZARD'S. TAKE HIM MORE BULLETS.

LYDIA
SILAS
DO PARDON ME FOR MY FORWARDNESS, MISS LYDIA, BUT MIGHT I SAY YOU TASTE DIVINELY.

HEY, BULLETS.
MIGHTY OBLIGED, BOY. TAKE A SEAT AND CHEW THE FAT FOR A SPELL.
YEAH, I DIDN'T COME BY JUST TO GIVE YOU THEM SLUGS. WHAT ARE WE WAITING FOR?
THE ZOMBIES ARE DONE. WHY ARE WE SITTING ON OUR HANDS INSTEAD OF GOING STRAIGHT TO LONELY STREET AND TAKING THE PRIEST'S HEAD?!
AIN'T NOTHIN' OVER, BOY.
WHAT THE HELL DOES THAT MEAN?! I'M TIRED OF ALL THIS CRYPTIC CRAP, OLD MAN! I BEEN LISTENING TO YOU SINCE YOU COME BACK BECAUSE IT'S MADE SENSE UP 'TIL NOW. BUT WE'VE GOT HIM LICKED!
I AIN'T WAITING NO LONGER. I'M ENDING THIS NOW.
AIN'T NOTHIN' OVER. IT AIN'T OVER FOR YOU BY FAR.

YOU GOT GREEDY, GOON! WE COULD HAVE SHARED! BUT YOU HAD TO GO AND WHACK ARDELL! YOU'RE GONNA ANSWER FOR MY PAL!
DON'T GIVE ME THAT SOB STUFF, LETTIERI!! CHARLIE NOODLES HAS BEEN FEEDING ME THE SCOOP ON YOUR LITTLE TAKEOVER PLOT SINCE YOU AND ARDELL LAID OUT THE PLAN IN MOMMA ROSSA'S PIZZERIA!
SCREW CHARLIE NOODLES AND SCREW YOU!

YOU'RE SECOND CLASS, LETTIERI. ALWAYS WAS, ALWAYS... WELL, ALWAYS WAS.
P-PLEASE!

GOON! KNEW THEY WAS GONNA TRY TO HIT YA! HEARD THE SHOTS! GOT HERE AS FAST AS I COULD!
DON'T WORRY ABOUT IT. I HANDLED 'EM.
BUT SINCE YOU ALREADY GOT THE TOMMY ON YA, LET'S TAKE CARE OF SOME BUSINESS. WE'RE GOING TO LONELY STREET TO--
GOON, WHAT THE HELL IS THAT?!

TO BE
CONTINUED...

BABY HEIR TO BRISBANE FORTUNE KIDNAPPED
Zombie gang feared responsible!
Huge reward offered for baby's safe return!
HEY FRANKY, GET A LOAD OF THIS.
ARE YOU THINKIN' WHAT I'M THINKIN'?
THAT THE FAT LADY DOWN THE STREET THAT HAS THEM LITTLE YAPPY DOGS UNDER HER ARMPITS IS KINDA HOT IN A SWEATY GRANDMA KINDA WAY?
NO. THAT THIS IS COULD BE AN EASY WAY TO MAKE SOME SERIOUS DOUGH DOING WHAT WE DO BEST.
SITTING AROUND IN OUR DIRTY UNDERWEAR GETTIN STINKIN' DRUNK?
THE GOON IN...
"SPIKE"
WRIT BY TOM SNIEGOSKI
DRAWD BY MIKE AVON OEMING
COLOR'D BY ERIC POWELL
LETTERIN' BY NATE PIEKOS FOR BLAMBOT
I'M TALKIN' ABOUT SMACKIN' AROUND SLACK JAWS!

MEANWHILE, TWO HOURS, SIX BOILERMAKERS EACH, AN ORDER OF NACHOS, AND A BAR FIGHT WITH A CLUB-FOOTED SNITCH NAMED, "THIRD BASE," LATER...
YEP, JUST LIKE THIRD BASE SAID. THEM WORM PIES GOT THE KID IN THERE!
BDAAAAH MMMMMFFFF PHAD GOOOPH.*
*<THIS IS STARTING TO TEAR ME UP. WHY WON'T THE LITTLE TIKE EAT?>
<MAYBE IT'S TOO HOT? BABIES ARE VERY FUSSY I HEAR.>
WAAAAH!
KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK
HELLO? ANYBODY HOME? WE'RE FROM THE DROOLIN' DARLIN' BABY FOOD COMPANY.
DOOLIN DAAARAAA?*
*<DROOLIN' DARLIN'?>
YES, AND WE'RE GOING DOOR TO DOOR AWARDING FABULOUS PRIZES TO THOSE WHO HAVE AN INFANT ON THE PREMISES.
PRUTTT! MMABB IH GOPH CLIPHS!*
*<PRIZES! MAYBE IT'S GOLF CLUBS!>
<MAYBE IT'S GOLF CLUBS!>

ZOMBIES AND FABULOUS PRIZES-- GETS 'EM EVERYTIME!
BWATHOOOM
BATTER UP!
WONK
LINGAAAH!
fsSSSs
DON'T YOU WORRY ABOUT A THING PAL, MY HEADACHE CURE'S A SURE THING.
POOM
SQUELCH
THIS IS GONNA BE SOME OF THE EASIEST MONEY WE EVER MADE, Eh, GOON?
FWOOOSH
OWW!

WHAAA!
<MAYBE YOU CAN GET HIM TO EAT?>

HEY, GOON, LOOK AT ME! I'M MAKIN EASY MONEY! AHAHA!
BLAM BLAM
BLAM BLAM BLAM
HOW YA DOIN', MEAL TICKET?!
GOO?
THE THIRTY! THE TWENTY! THE TEN!
FRANKY, YOU MIGHT WANT TA BE CAREFUL--
OH YEAH, WHO'S DA MAN!
SPIKE!!!
SLAPPT
MAYBE WE OUGHTA GO.
YOU ALWAYS TAKE IT TOO FAR.
DO NOT. I JUST GET OVER EXCITED.
Oh YEAH, WHAT ABOUT THE TIME WITH THE PENGUINS?
THAT WAS DIFFERENT, I WAS PROVOKED.
THE END!

EMPIRE